

## The Evening World.

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## SUNDAY LIQUOR.



BOSTON is the wickedest city in the United States, according to police statistics. In six months last year there were 89.4 arrests to each thousand of the population. Unless many of the arrests were repeaters, this means that one out of six of Boston's population comes annually into hostile relations with the police.

Compared with Boston, Chicago is a good place. So is New York, for New York's percentage of arrests is low compared with Boston's.

But the number of arrests is no faithful criterion of the morality of a city. It may be a test of the efficiency of the police, or it may be proof of the manner in which minor offenders are treated.

In police statistics a drunk counts for as much as a murderer. Yet if every burglar were promptly arrested and cases of ordinary intoxication were neglected the police would make a record for fewer arrests than if all important criminals were allowed to go free and everybody who expropriated unlawfully or did not separate his ashes and garbage were promptly taken to the police station.

One interesting fact in the police statistics of different cities is that the more strict the enforcement of the Sunday closing law, the more arrests there are for drunkenness.

This is similar to the experience of the localities in Northern States where there is a prohibition law.

Prohibition and Sunday closing diminish the number of persons who drink intoxicating liquor, but they increase the number of drinks that the men who do drink take. If it is as much trouble to get one drink as to get a bottle of whiskey or a case of beer, many men will go without, but those who do not go without will often buy by the demijohn or keg instead of the drink.



When only a few back rooms are running, and entrance to them is difficult, a man who gets in stays longer.

This explains why there are so many Boston drunks on Sunday, for on Sunday in Boston saloons are extensively closed.

The only parts of the United States where a prohibition law is really enforced are where the reasons are economic rather than personal. In the South prohibition has been adopted in several States and many localities in order to keep the negro workmen from getting drunk and neglecting their work. In all these localities it is rigidly enforced by white men, who, though they may have an occasional case or jug sent to them by express, take pains that their crops are not neglected and their income diminished by allowing the negroes to become unfit for labor through liquor.

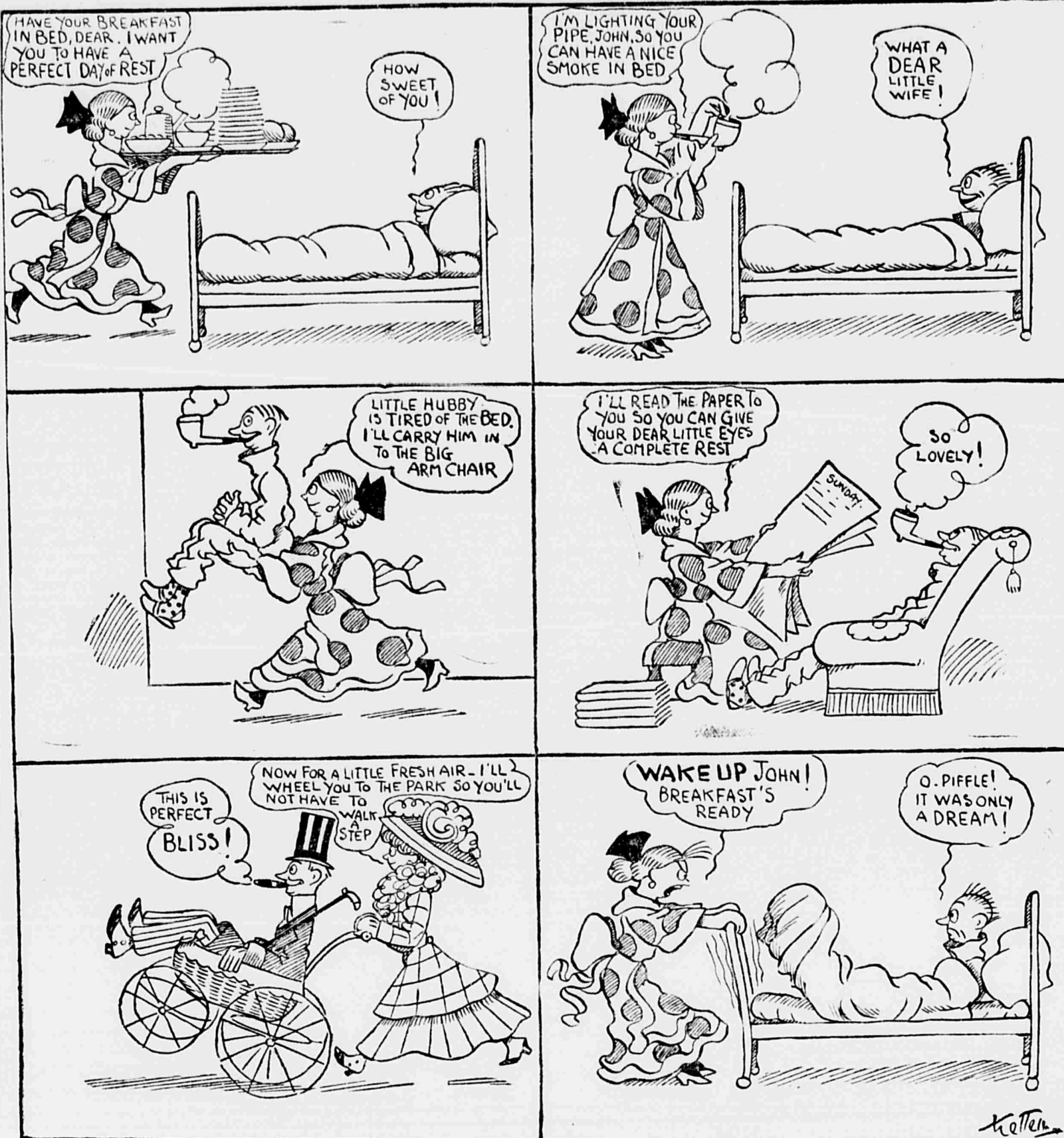
The distillers and brewers have at last begun to realize that the regulation of the liquor traffic must come from them or the law will go to further extremes. If in the South distillers and brewers had combined to prevent low groggeries and negro dives there would have been no effective prohibition movement.

If in New York the brewers who are backing the Raines law hotels would require every saloon-keeper whose license tax they pay and on whose place they have a mortgage to run a decent, reputable house, there would not be the demand for more stringent legislation which in the long run will prevail unless flagrant and open abuses are corrected in some other way.



## The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



## THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY

Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 39.—CIVIL WAR (Part VII.): Sea Fights.

THE U. S. warship Kearsarge, commanded by Capt. Winslow, lay off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, Sunday morning, June 19, 1864. She was stripped for action, and waiting for the coming of the foe she had chased nearly half way across the world. The final scene of a great naval drama was at hand.

The Confederates had built in England a number of privateer vessels by which they had practically ruined the United States sea trade. The foremost of these privateers was the Alabama, whose captain was Raphael Semmes, a daring, brilliant man. The Alabama in the two years of her career was a veritable terror of the seas. No less than sixty-five United States merchant ships and nearly \$10,000,000 worth of Government property did she capture and destroy. Never once putting into a Confederate port or selling one of her captured prizes, she refitted, when necessary, in England or some other supposedly neutral country and continued her course of devastation unchecked. At last the United States Navy's pursuit grew too hot, and the Alabama fled to France, putting in at Cherbourg. The Kearsarge was at her heels. Winslow lay off the coast and demanded that France prove neutral by ordering the Alabama to leave the harbor. Semmes and his crew, knowing the navy sneered at them as pirates who dared not fight in the open, were only too eager to disprove this charge. So, early that morning, the Alabama steamed out to meet her enemy. Accompanying the privateer, as spectators, were a French man-of-war and the English pleasure yacht, Deerhound.

The Alabama carried eight guns to the Kearsarge's seven, and 149 men to the Kearsarge's 163. The latter ship was also somewhat faster.

As the Alabama steamed out of harbor, the Kearsarge withdrew beyond the "neutral ground," then bore down on the privateer. As the Union vessel approached, the Alabama opened fire at one mile range. The broadside was returned, and the two ships, sailing in a circle, continued the fight, drawing closer together until only about one-third mile apart. After an hour of constant firing the Alabama's sides were torn up by the Northern shells and she ran for shore to get within neutral waters. But the Kearsarge was too quick for her. Bearing down on the flying foe, Winslow forced Semmes to surrender. Winslow ceased firing at sight of the white flag. Scarce had he done so when the Alabama sent in another volley of shot and shell at her conqueror. The Kearsarge replied with a broadside that sank the privateer. Semmes and thirty-nine of his men were picked up by the Deerhound and carried safely to England, Winslow refusing to stop the British yacht by force as he might easily have done. The Kearsarge came out of the battle practically unscathed.

On Aug. 5 of the same year Admiral Farragut sailed into Mobile Bay with a fleet of wooden ships and monitors. His vessels were lashed together in pairs. The bay was guarded by gunboats, by Forts Morgan and Gaines, and by a mighty iron-clad ram, the Tennessee, built on lines like the Merrimac. Farragut had himself tied to the mainmast of his flagship, the Hartford, as the attack began. His fleet swept past the forts and scattered the gunboats. Then he attacked the Tennessee, forcing the ram after a fierce struggle to surrender. Farragut lost but one vessel—the monitor Tecumseh—in the whole engagement. His next bombardment, Fort Morgan on Mobile Point, assisted by a land force under Gen. Gordon Granger (who had already taken Fort Gaines), and, by battering the fortress into submission with a fusillade of 3,000 shells, cleared the way for the Federals' capture of Mobile.

One of the most spectacular and daring naval feats of the civil war occurred on the night of Oct. 27, 1864. To the heroism of one man—young Lieut. W. B. Cushing—is due the credit for the achievement. In the Roanoke River, during the summer of that year, lay a formidable iron ram, the Albemarle. No Union craft in those waters could cope with her. In a single day she sank or maimed seven Federal vessels. By her prowess the neighboring fortified town of Plymouth was forced to surrender. The Union flotilla lying at the mouth of the Roanoke was helpless against her. The Government was planning to build another ram to oppose her. But in the mean time the Albemarle was wreaking destruction unbridled. In the midst of the confusion and panic, Cushing came to the front. He proposed an audacious plan to the Navy Department and was permitted to carry it out.

The night of Oct. 27 was rainy and pitch dark. Up the Roanoke steamed Cushing and a handful of picked volunteers in a little open launch; passing the Confederate sentinels unnoticed. Over the launch's bow a torpedo was hung.

Cushing, by means of ropes on his hands and feet not only guided the launch, but also directed the torpedo. As the launch at full speed over the dark water, the torpedo, which was a small, oblong, cylindrical object, slipped from the launch and sped toward the Albemarle. As the torpedo approached the Albemarle's bow, a sentry on the Albemarle gave the alarm. Amid a hurly-burly of rifle shots Cushing advanced. As he neared the torpedo, he fired a shot at the Albemarle's bow. The torpedo exploded and sent the launch to the bottom of the river. The crew as they rose gasping to the surface were again under murderous fire from the ram and the shore. Cushing and some of the rest swam to safety under cover of darkness.

The Albemarle was totally destroyed by the torpedo and sank almost at once. Freed from this dangerous opponent, the Union forces quickly regained possession of the whole river. While these stories were enacted at sea in 1864 a series of still more remarkable events had occurred on land.

## The Hughes Punch Recipe.

By Jim Dash.

THE punch that brought fighters fame are easy to recall. The friends and foes alike who stood around that flowing bowl.

Have failed to tell, though studied well, what part make up the whole. Now, I'll let you in the secret of the man who mixed the dope.

Which, rumor says, turns black despair to radiant, shining hope; Just follow these directions and all will be serene.

And without waste you suit the taste of—well, let's say the quonit! You first pour in a quart or two of some good "extra dry."

And then you add a dash of gin, the best that you can buy; Throw in a piece of ginger, and when that task is done.

The next thing is the water—proportion, three to one; Some little bits of sugar pines, some lemon or some limes.

A drop or two of vermouth or some cordial of these things; Then, if it seems a trifle flat, increase the dose of " fizz."

And when you try a glass of it I'll bet you'll say, "Gee whizz!" Let Patbanks have his cocktail and Taft his Tokay wine.

Let Cortelyou drink mountain dew and Koss a brandy fine; Let Uncle Joe take whiskey straight and Fokker eat fire.

Let all the band of Hughes's punch gets to the Sunny South; If once the taste of Hughes's punch gets to everybody's mouth;

Hell win the game with name and fame in everybody's mouth; And although I'm not a prophet, to me it's very plain.

That all the States that just went dry will soon be wet again!

## White Bread the Best.

By Prof. Harry Snyder.

ACCORDING to chemical analysis of the Graham, entire-wheat and standard patent flours milled from the same lot of hard Scotch Pile wheat, the Graham flour contained the highest and the patent flour the lowest percentage of total protein (glutinous matter). But according to the results of digestion experiments with these flours, the proportion of digestible protein and available energy in the patent flour was larger than in either the entire-wheat or the Graham flour, writes Prof. Harry Snyder, in Harper's Magazine, quoting the Government report on the subject. The lower digestibility of the protein in the Graham flour is due to the fact that in both Graham and entire-wheat flour a considerable portion of the protein is contained in the coarser particles (bran), and so resists the action of the digestive juices and escapes digestion. Thus while there actually may be more protein in a given amount of Graham or entire-wheat flour than in the same weight of patent flour from the same wheat, the body obtains less of the protein and energy from the coarse flour than it does from the fine, because, although the including of the bran and germ increases the percentage of protein, it decreases the digestion.

## Fashion King on Short Sleeves.

By Worth, the Famous Dressmaker.

BY no means do I disapprove of short sleeves with the evening gown when met by a long glove, nor yet with the afternoon toilette of ceremony, likewise in company with the glove. But indoors during the day it is not desirable, that curtailed sleeve, which displays just that portion of the arm that is only in such rare cases really pretty; for it is either as flat as a board, covered with down, or quite an ugly red color," writes Worth, the Paris dressmaker, in Harper's Bazar. "And in no instance do I like the elbow sleeve as the accompaniment of a cloth dress; it is far too hard in effect. If short sleeves must be worn, they should be made of lace and soft fabrics, not of cloth. But this season there is a revolution in favor of very long sleeves that reach even to the knuckles of the hands."

## The Modish Walk of the Moment.

THE new walker requires a tall figure.

If she be short, she should be slim, so that she will look taller.

She requires splendid leg muscles; not lumpy or heavy, but evenly balanced.

She needs an elastic foot. This is a foot with a high instep and a double arch.

The higher the instep and the more pronounced the arch the more springy will be the foot.

There should be two very decided arches. One arch is from side to side across the top of the foot; the other one is what is commonly known as the instep arch, the arch of the sole.

The flat-footed woman can never acquire a springy walk.

She needs to have a foot with two arches.

The fine walker needs a pair of straight legs.

If the limbs be crooked there must be exercise to make them straight.

And the straight, graceful walker of the new school must have a full, round chest.

It is painful to behold the gait of the flat-chested woman.

She looks either as though she would cave in or topple over.

There is nothing elastic or hypnotic, nothing elevating or convincing, about her walk.

## Broken Idols After Marriage

By Helen Oldfield.



SHATTERED IDEALS, broken idols, are always painful to their disappointed and discouraged worshippers; most painful of all when the experience comes after marriage, when the glow and the glory of love which may love fade away and a broken-hearted man or woman, may be both man and woman, stand face to face with the ghastly fact that they have thrown away the most precious thing on earth, the treasure of their hearts—that henceforth their lives are practically ruined.

"For love, sometimes, is a thorny plant. It breaks and we bleed and smart. Its blossom fades at its fairest. And the thorn runs into the heart."

Such things are, too often, alas! If all people could but marry for genuine, permanent love, love of the kind which counts it joy to endure hardness for the sake of the beloved, the "marriage question" would be practically at an end and divorce courts might go out of business. The history of all married couples would be that which is embodied in the stereotyped ending of old-fashioned fairy tales: "They were married and lived happily together forever afterward."

But genuine, permanent love which, like the star Aldebaran, the fixed star, changes not, is a rare commodity, and there is not enough of it to go around. There is no truer proverb, no sharper blade in all the armory of old saws, than that "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." True, it is not invariably held good; people have rushed into matrimony upon impulse and found themselves none the worse for it, even as other people have fallen from precipices and escaped with unbroken bones; but the exceptions are so rare that they may be fairly said to prove the rule, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

If nature has made the woman more dependent upon her husband than he upon her, still life is largely made up of compensations, and an offset to this is the fact that women are more easily won than men; that they give love for love more readily. The average woman learns in time to cling.

Even if there be no passionate love to begin with, people who have even a modicum of common sense soon learn that in order to walk together they must be agreed and assimilate their tastes and habits to those of each other.

## The Fun-Makers Fish for Laughs.

HE was growling because his wife wore waists buttoned down the back.

"But you know, dear," she said sweetly, "you wouldn't like it at all if I were one unbuttoned down the back."—Harper's Bazar.

Doctor—Now, what did your father and mother die of?

Applicant—Well, sir, I can't say, as I do not exactly remember; but I wasn't nothing serious.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She—For nearly an hour I suffered untold agony.

He—What was the trouble—didn't you have any one to tell it to?—Chicago Daily News.

"You live outside of the city limits? How far outside?"

"Goodness knows, I don't. It's about fifteen minutes the other side of where the map stops."—Chicago Tribune.

"Every year the Higgs have Mrs. Jones up to their country home for a long visit."

"Fond of her, are they?"

"No—of him."—Harper's Bazar.

"They tell me Darling Ike's dead. Is that right?"

"Sure; shot plumb through the heart."

"Well, I ain't surprised, then; his heart was always weak."—Chicago News.

## Miss Lonely Tries the Get Gay Dodge on Mr. Man

By F. G. Long



## Letters from the People.

## Women's Work Vs. Men's.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent says that young women who are employed in offices are superior to men clerks and can be relied upon, are found at their desks at all times, &c. I work in an office where girls are employed. They keep chatting all day long to one another, telling each other what Charlie said or what Tom did. Also, they hum songs, which is very annoying to us men clerks, when we are busy. The girls are supposed to be at the office at 8 A. M., but, instead, they come marching in at 8:15, and so on. They are not always found at their desks when wanted.

As to work which requires brains, ability, and close application, there are none better to be found than the men clerks. Many women clerks work for much cheaper wages than men clerks do.

L. I. K.

A Pension Plea.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A bill is to be introduced, I hear, recommending the abolition of seventeen United States pension offices and providing for the payment of all pensions from one office at Washington, D. C. The authorities believe it will save some \$30,000 yearly. What a trivial amount as compared to the great inconvenience and privation it would cause the 915,000 pensioners throughout the country! At present we receive pensions from nearly offices in every State at the very most. Should we

be paid from Washington, said place being so far distant, it would take months weeks before we would receive our pensions. This would cause great inconvenience to the vast army of veterans who depend upon a quick payment of their pensions. I should like to hear from some comrades on the subject.

VETERAN.

Bayonne, N. J.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find a list of the names and addresses of publishers of weekly or monthly books or pamphlets on electricity.

Ask Your Bookseller.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Readers, a man goes to a shoe dealer and buys a pair of shoes for \$5. He gives the man \$20 in counterfeit money. The shoe dealer has no change, so he runs to the grocer and gets it. The shoe dealer then gives the man \$5 change and the shoes. Soon the grocer comes in and says it was a counterfeit bill. The shoe dealer gives the grocer the \$20 in good money. How much does the shoe dealer lose?

THE SHOE PROBLEM.

INQUIRITIVE.